Honeymoon Express

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Honeymoon Express

by Blucifer

Summary

Gyuvin wants to be a good husband, and he feels like he's trying so hard. But he's nineteen years old, and a virgin. All of that effort gets thrown out the window when he thinks about just how badly he wants to fuck Hwitaek and Hwitaek alone. And fuck. His friends are so right. He's a simp…for his freaking husband.

Notes

You can find me on twitter @missbluniverse if you want.

See the end of the work for more notes

Gyuvin doesn't expect to be someone's *husband* at nineteen, but that's how it happens. Gyuvin has been given many reasons *why.* One: he needs to protect the family name and fortune. Two: offer like this, the opportunity to marry into the equally prestigious Lee family, only comes around once in a century. Three: He is an alpha of high status, and it will be better for him in these formative years if he is committed to someone. There are chances to have *an accident* with someone of a lower standing that could seek claim to the family money if he's married.

Gyuvin agreed to take piano lessons from the age of five until the age of seventeen, and Gyuvin agreed to play lacrosse with his cousins who went to the same private school. Gyuvin agreed to study business upon his *expected* and not at all celebrated admittance to university, And much like Gyuvin has agreed to everything else in his life, Gyuvin *agrees* to the marriage.

That is to say, he was never asked, but was told. He goes along with it because he cannot find anything *concretely* disagreeable about it.

Gyuvin meets his future husband in the Lee family's rose garden on an unseasonably warm spring day. The sweet floral scents are disrupted by something sharp, citrusy, and astringent. Gyuvin could liken the scent to cleaning supplies.

It's…Disappointing. In the dramas he watched on television and the romance movies he would go see alone in theaters, omegas smelled like expensive and exotic hings: whole cloves pressed into the fragrant skin of oranges, indulgent chocolates and candied cherries, saffron and jasmine. Even in real life, the omegas he knew smelled of spun sugar or home baked bread.

As he explores the garden, he finds that the sharp scent belongs to a small but immaculately dressed man. A three piece suit…Well because of the heat, the jacket has long since been discarded in the grass. He paces anxiously in his slacks and vest. And even seeing him so disheveled, Gyuvin feels under dressed in his shirt, tie, and very best cufflinks.

"Hwitaek hyung?"

"Please," the stranger pauses for a moment, the full pink lines of his lips disappear for a moment in concentration as he considers what to say next. "Call me Hui."

"Hui," Gyuvin doesn't expect to feel so at ease speaking so informally to someone eleven years older than him. Sure they're to be married but that isn't why. Hwitaek seems, at least at first glance, serious, driven, passionate. But given his success and his experience, he comes across as as much of a lost child as Gyuvin. "I mean, Hui-hyung," he corrects.

When you look *beyond* the all of the things that rich people invent to protect their money, and look at them as people, none of it makes sense. Maybe, just maybe they're both looking past the foreground towards the same blurry blue spot in the distance.

Hwitaek pays no mind to his error. “I thought maybe we could go sit on the bench underneath the tree for a while. It will be awkward, but maybe less so than having tea with our parents.”

“That sounds like a great idea.”

Gyuvin doesn’t expect to be taken by the hand and led across the garden. He doesn’t expect for Hwitaek’s hand to stay clasped in his own the entire time they spend together. But most of all, he doesn’t expect for the conversation to flow this freely.

For a moment, he’s almost okay with all of this. Whatever this is. There’s just one small thing that bothers him.

Or rather, in an intricate thousand piece puzzle of wrongness, its easy to transfix on one tiny detail.

“Hyung,” The question spills out, and only afterward does he realize *how rude* he must sound. “What do I smell like to you?”

Hwitaek fires back quickly, “shoe polish.”

To which Gyuvin responds to the follow up question before it can even be asked, “You smell like cleaning supplies to me.”

Their laughter fills the garden, and for a moment Gyuvin forgets that he’s trying to be the pensive, forlorn, and ungrateful son that he’s wanted, but never been able to be.

Hwitaek squeezes his hand, because he’s never let go. It doesn’t feel romantic. Doesn’t feel like they’re engaged. It's anchoring, it's solid, and it makes him feel just a little bit less afraid. “Shoe polish and cleaning supplies. What a pair we’ll be.”

Gyuvin agrees.

Gyuvin didn’t expect to become so attached to someone that tells him he stinks of shoe polish, nor did he expect that very person to reek of cleaning supplies. But he has. Gyuvin also didn’t expect to be so *desperate.* Everything he’s seen in dramas and movies about the *honeymoon phase* seems to be *so* wrong.

They’ve been married for almost eight months now, and Hwitaek has been nothing but kind to him during that time. Respectful too. Almost too respectful.

Hwitaek told him on their wedding night (in name only) that they didn’t have to do anything now or ever if they so choose. Hwitaek told him that because he is young, because he had so little choice, he was going to protect him.

It felt like a relief at the time, but now it feels like a curse. In his mind, Gyuvin has chosen, but Hwitaek still seems indecisive. Because of that, their relationship still doesn’t fully resemble that of a married couple.

Gyuvin is reminded of this when his husband's secretary lets him into the studio. "Hui!" He calls, even though it likely goes unheard. Hui's life is music, and everything else gets filtered out by large, expensive, noise canceling headphones.

"Hui," he calls again.

Hwitaek is engrossed in something at his computer. He types furiously, brow furrowed, tongue caught between his plush lower and curled upper lip. He's cute. Really. Cute.

The whole room smells *strongly* of Hwitaek's scent as if the studio is *extra lived in* today.

With time, his opinion of Hwitaek's natural and complex scent has shifted. It's no longer overpowering, and chemical like. The more time they spend together, he can parse out faint notes of citrus, sweet fresh lavender. Yes, there's always always something sharper there too. The best way that he could describe it as *clean,* astringent maybe. But it doesn't burn his nose like it *used to.*

Now after a few months, Hwitaek has made his small world so much bigger. Gyuvin understands that distinct smell is closer to that of gin. He knows this because of *so many* nights where Hwitaek fed him sips of cocktails made from every kind of expensive liquor and every combination of syrup, herb, and flavoring. Every time, the result is the same of course, Gyuvin finds the concoction vile, his face twisting in disgust, Hwitaek laughing at him.

But he'd never turn down a taste simply because it's Hwitaek who is offering.

"We're supposed to play married tonight." They're going to dinner with his parents and a friend of a friend who might be a good prospect for investing in Hwitaek's new project. And Gyuvin? Of course, he's the oldest son, he's an *alpha,* he should be building a sharp acumen that matches his omega husband's own *but…* One thing at a time. Gyuvin will simply sit there, breathe air, and *try his best* to eat the food that is served to them at an acceptable pace rather than shoveling it all into his mouth too quickly. When he masters the art of impulse control, he'll worry about other things.

Gyuvin's comment *finally* pulls Hwitaek from his work. Nudging the headphones away from the shell of his ear, he informs Gyuvin matter of factly, "Gyu, it's not playing if we're actually married."

Gyuvin approaches him at his desk, turns him around in his chair so that they're facing one another. "It wouldn't be playing, if we just naturally did all the things that married people do." Now isn't the time, but the room smells so strongly of Hwitaek that it's hard to think of *anything* else.

Physically torn away from his work, Hwitaek has no choice but to look up at him and keep his eyes trained there. It feels so good to have his husband's undivided attention. His voice is bubbly with fondness when he speaks,"you put my new cashmere in the dryer, and I fantasized about killing you. We do plenty of things that married people do."

"Not enough of the fun things." Gyuvin responds petulantly.

That isn't entirely true of course. When they were total strangers, it ended at squeezing each other's hands until they were red with thumbprint shaped bruises. Now? Now they both sleep in the master.

Well…when he can get Hwitaek to come home and come to bed they both sleep in the master. When that happens, they'll kiss for what feels like hours til their lips sting with satisfaction and Gyuvin is embarrassingly hard.

Hwitaek looks at him fiercely, as if Gyuvin has just issued a challenge and Hwitaek plans on pulverizing him completely. Rising from the chair and undoing the first few buttons on his shirt, Hwitaek exposes a secret, almost forbidden swath of skin, the juncture of his neck all the way down to his collarbone. "So this isn't fun for you?"

Gyuvin learned about this in his introductory psychology class. A ringing bell, a slobbering dog. Hardly anyone, except for crazy traditional fundamentalists, expect an omega partner to be bitten after marriage. But it is fashionable, almost *expected* that a married omega would pantomime the behavior in some way. They would have a more temporary mark, or wear a scarf tied around their neck, and…Well he's so grateful that Hwitaek has *never* suggested a scarf.

"I hate this actually." Gyuvin's teasing does little to direct attention away from how overeager he is.

Hwitaek is almost completely healed up since the last time they played married. Two weeks ago they went out for Hwitaek's friend Shinwon's birthday…He doesn't know Shinwon that well.

Hwitaek had a fresh mark on display, and Shinwon *came to their wedding,* but Gyuvin knows that there is an understanding, a closeness there between the two that he will never understand. Shamefully, he spent the whole night feeling bristling and over-protective of his husband in front of Hwitaek's best friend of almost a decade. Dealt with it by drinking a bit too much champagne.

While Gyuvin expected scolding when they got home, Hwitaek dealt with *Gyuvin's* insecurity by kissing him hotly in the foyer when they got home and sinking to his knees.

Desperately he hopes that it happens again. *Tonight maybe.*

But before Gyuvin gets ahead of himself, he focuses on what's offered to him now. Flawless pale skin is interrupted slightly by a faint reddish yellow mark. Gyuvin shamelessly scents his husband. Taking in all of him he's overwhelmed by the scent of sweet, and sharp, and clean all at once. He repeats this action all over and over again and forgets his shame the way that Hwitaek often forgets to have lunch.

Although his scent is naturally clean, the *taste* of his skin is anything but. It's slightly salty and tangy from sweat and hours of overwork. It's such an amazing secret. Hwitaek, so meticulous and so flawless tastes like this. Gyuvin's indulgence is risky, lapping and kissing like this before pulling at the skin with his lips and his teeth. The risk is *so* worth the reward. Hwitaek threads his fingers in his hair, pulls him close–

“Gyu–”

Gyuvin’s actions earn him a sigh moan into his shoulder it’s all the encouragement that he needs to bring to the surface the desired dark purple shade to his husband’s skin.

Shamelessly, he repeats himself on a second spot that overlaps with the first with more kissing and biting before pulling away. If Hwitaek is in this good of a mood then maybe he can steal a kiss.

Hwitaek looks so flushed and satisfied.

In that moment, Gyuvin decides to ask for forgiveness rather than permission and kisses his husband. Hwitaek gasps in surprise at his forwardness, and Gyuvin takes advantage of that too, dipping past the seam of Hwitaek’s lips and tasting him fully.

Hwitaek kisses him back, but a hand on Gyuvin’s shoulder reminds him he won’t be able to derail *everything* like he wants and simply fuck Hwitaek while he’s bent over his desk. Too soon Hwitaek pulls away and they part with a sharp, bodily *smack.* “Gyuvin.”

“I’m sorry,” but he *isn’t* and they both know it. It’s understood in the way that he latches back onto Hwitaek’s neck and kisses the bruise there hungrily.

“Where are we going?” Hwitaek asks. It’s so unfair how Hwitaek can be absent minded and stubbornly single minded all at once.

Gyuvin tries to hide the disappointment in his voice. “Uh–Yeon—” It’s not just the sudden blood loss from his brain to his cock. He genuinely doesn’t remember because Hwitaek’s secretary usually sends him a reminder text, and then he usually just puts the address in Hwitaek’s GPS when they’re in the car.

“La Yeon?” Hwitaek grimaces.

“You don’t like it?” Gyuvin doesn’t mind when the strange and childish parts of Hwitaek show through. Quite the opposite. It would be impossible for him, in his perpetual confusion, to be with someone who was both endlessly ambitious and near perfect.

“It’s very…” Hwitaek tries to explain his weird food tics in ways that might make sense to Gyuvin. They never do. “The banchan is too squeaky.” Right. Of course. “The beef bone soup tastes too much like beef.” Ah, well that’s never happened to him, but he’d hate it if it did.

These are the complaints that he makes of one of the most exclusive restaurants in the city.

“Well, I’m always hungry after we go to these fancy places.” Gyuvin admits. The portions are too small, and it always feels impolite to order more even if money isn’t the issue. “Maybe we could get some chicken or something after.”

And although it’s uncommon for Hwitaek to have much of an appetite at all, he agrees quickly, “Yes. Let’s plan on it.”

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As expected, Hwitaek's attempt at making the best of dinner at a restaurant where the banchan is "too squeaky," is disastrous, hilarious, and adorable.

Hwitaek first tries to order an appetizer as his meal. He does that often when they go out because he's usually not all that hungry. But, that gets thwarted by his parents, they're an appetizer sharing family after all.

Backed into a corner, Hwitaek tries to convince Gyuvin to eat most of the entree that he was forced to order but doesn't like. Gyuvin does as he's told, picking at the disproportionate amount of food in front of him even though he'd rather save room for fried chicken.

If he were being honest, he'd probably do anything Hwitaek told him to do. How could he not?

Hwitaek wears the first few buttons on his shirt undone proudly and the fresh mark on his neck is displayed like a precious jewel.

Gyuvin can barely taste any of the food. Everything smells and tastes and feels like lemon, lavender, medicinal, astringent, and clean. His parents look at him expectantly. They expect him to contribute to the conversation, but everything gets short circuited by Hwitaek: his smile, his scent, his soft touch on his shoulder as he talks.

As expected, they end up across the street after dinner ordering chicken after dinner.

What's less expected is how much Hwitaek eats. Gyuvin's never seen him quite so voracious like this before.

"I wish you were always hungry like this," Gyuvin says gnawing at the gristle on the end of the drumstick. He *always, always* feels hungry "I could get used to second dinner."

"You're already used to second dinner." Hwitaek teases.

It's true. An hour or so after dinner Gyuvin will usually find himself raiding leftovers or getting himself an ice cream bar, or finding a reason to go to the convenience store for snacks. "Yeah but this is like a second, different, distinct meal. Way better than snacks."

"It's better than snacks?"

"It's…As good as snacks," Gyuvin corrects himself.

With the chicken demolished it's time to go home. Hwitaek stumbles ever so slightly, and Gyuvin is there to steady him with his hand on his hip. Hwitaek looks flushed in the yellowed, fluorescent light of the restaurant. His chest rises and falls rapidly, as if they've been running.

Gyuvin can sense something is wrong just beyond the surface, but can't quite place why. "What's wrong? You only had one drink at dinner."

Hwitaek looks at him carefully, as if he's considering saying *much more* than, "just a little dizzy."

"You waited too long between eating. It's hitting you now." This is likely the most Hwitaek's eaten since that morning when they split a cheese danish. It would make sense if he felt out of it because of that.

"Maybe. Would you drive home?"

Drive his husband's very sleek, very expensive import home? Oh man, if he *has to*. Gyuvin tries to stamp down his excitement, at the risk of Hwitaek changing his mind. He *just* got his license a few months ago. "Sure! I mean–are you sure?"

"I'm sure."

"Are you sure?" Hwitaek tells Gyuvin that he has to keep working tonight, and it *feels* like a bucket of ice water getting poured all over him.

It doesn't make sense *at all*. Hwitaek *liked* it when he was marking him up, kissed him back and only pulled away at the very last minute. *Everything* smelled like him at dinner, and it's *so unlike him* to be that forward, especially in front of others. He was scenting Gyuvin like crazy in the car. It was so intense that Gyuvin couldn't even *enjoy* driving his husband's very nice, very fast, very expensive car because he was so afraid that he was going to wreck.

"I want to spend more time with you," Hwitaek says with a regret tinged smile. "But I have a deadline, and it's coming very quickly."

Hwitaek unjoins their clasped hands and tugs at his shirt. This is his wordless, but completely unsubtle way of telling Gyuvin to bend down.

Gyuvin does, and Hwitaek rewards him with a kiss, their lips pressed full and flush against each other. No tongue, just the soft wet heat of Hwitaek's breath against his mouth when they part. "I'm sorry. But you know I'll make it up to you."

"It's fine." It's really not fine. He just—He just thought that maybe…

It would be different if they were still just scenting and marking each other for appearances, but they aren't. After the birthday party, something shifted completely. Hwitaek's blown him a few times now since then. Almost a week ago Hwitaek cornered him in the kitchen against the counter and sank to his knees. He was late for his morning class and didn't mind.

Although Hwitaek is increasingly willing to indulge him, Gyuvin doesn't always get the chance to reciprocate. They've never gone all the way. He's only *really* gotten to touch Hwitaek once. Three days ago he was watching some drama at Gunwook's persistent recommendation, and for whatever reason Hwitaek was actually home. They opened the very expensive bottle of wine that Hwitaek's friend Hyunggu got for them as a housewarming gift.

Hwitaek got tipsy, and Gyuvin somehow got his drunk husband in his lap. Gyuvin fingered him right there on the sofa.

Gyuvin goes to bed alone with that memory burned in his mind. He wants that again, and again, and again, and he thought that he'd get it tonight.

It's shameful, but he pulls one of Hwitaek's dirty shirts out of the hamper. Plucking that piece of fine silk reveals an even more desired piece of laundry: a pair of his briefs. Shamefully he takes it to bed with him. Hwitaek's scent, which smells so light and so clean when it's fresh, becomes thicker when it's comingled with his clothes for a few days.

When he touches himself and breathes in the distinctive scent of his husband, he forgets to feel ashamed.

Gyuvin wants to be a good husband, and he feels like he's trying *so hard.* But he's nineteen years old, and a virgin, and all of that effort gets thrown out the window when he thinks about just *how badly* he wants to fuck Hwitaek and Hwitaek alone. And *fuck.* Gyuvin cums with the realization that his friends are right burning in his mind. He's a simp…for his *freaking husband.*

Gyuvin never considered himself a light sleeper. All of that changed when he got married. Now, it's like his subconscious *knows* when Hwitaek isn't in bed with him.

"Hui," his husband's name is the gentlest of whispers on his lips. Sleepiness makes it easier to conceal the panic and frustration that he feels from waking up alone. Gyuvin's mind is filled with warm electric static that crackles against the lids of his eyes. Whole body crying out for more sleep, he knows that won't be possible until Hwitaek is beside him. "Come to bed."

He can hear the sound of rain hitting the window and the rapid and rhythmic *tap* of Hwitaek's perfectly manicured nails against the screen of his phone, but there is no response from Hwitaek.

Gyuvin, as tired as he is, doesn't believe that Hwitaek can't hear him. He does this sometimes, hoping that Gyuvin will simply fall back asleep. Such a thing would allow him to do whatever it is that Hwitaek does while everyone else rests.

He wants to tell Hwitaek that he'll get sick if he spreads himself too thin. He wants to tell Hwitaek that he can't just fall back asleep without him. Instead, in his sleep-addled brain, all he can manage is a single, almost pathetic, "honey." His sleepiness makes him forget that during waking hours he still struggles not to call his own husband *hyung.*

Nothing.

Sitting up *slowly,* Gyuvin feels like his whole world has been upended. Even in the muted gray light of morning he can tell that *nothing* is like it's supposed to be, and everything is an absolute assault on his senses.

Hwitaek stands at the sliding glass door in their room that leads out to the balcony. Pacing the short length of the floor…Gyuvin assumes that he had been outside and was forced to retreat inside because of the rain. He can hear the droplets hit the balcony and the panes of the windows.

Hwitaek's stainless Basculante wrist watch sits on the nightstand, propped up in such a way that it makes a small desk clock. He likes it like that, even though most would simply look at their phone for the time, or get a digital clock. The roman numerals on the face tell Gyuvin that it's just after six in the morning, and he *knows* that Hwitaek didn't come to bed until right before two.

"Gyu, I'm sorry. Did I wake you?" Hwitaek may be a workaholic, but he can be attentive too. Quickly, he crosses the room and grabs for Gyuvin's hand. With the other hand, he dutifully finishes an email.

Gyuvin takes his small hand into his own. The tips of his husband's fingers are cold from the crisp morning air that filters in through the screen from the open sliding door. He should shut the door and windows so Hwitaek doesn't catch cold…but his limbs feel so heavy. He settles instead for sitting on the edge of the bed, long limbs spilling out onto the floor.

"You know I don't like it when you leave me."

"I'm sorry that I abandoned you like that." He speaks to Gyuvin, dry and teasing.

As they talk, Hwitaek's voice pulls him closer and closer toward consciousness and further from sleep. Gyuvin *knows* that something is off, since yesterday, but connecting the dots is slow and arduous. And *why can't he figure this out?*

"Hui, you didn't sleep very long."

"I never sleep very long Gyu….If you let me finish, I'll come back to bed. Okay?"

"Okay."

As Hwitaek types, he fights with the hems on his shirt sleeve. Too long on his body, the sleeves flop across the screen constantly. That's when Gyuvin notices what he's wearing. It's a well loved high school lacrosse team sweatshirt of Gyuvin's. The sleeves are too short for Gyuvin's long arms now because he's grown in the short years since, but the fabric is soft and faded and reminds him of the good times. Gyuvin often wears it as a sleep shirt. In fact, he wore it several times this week even, until Hwitaek told him to change into something fresh because it stank.

If Hwitaek is wearing it now means that he *also* raided the hamper.

Hwitaek isn't above raiding his closet, but he's far above wearing dirty clothes. He's meticulous and always looks put together, even when it's something as simple as going to bed.

The garment swallows Hwitaek's small body and droops off of his shoulder exposing the secret little divot of his collar bones. His legs are exposed and bare, and *that too* is rare. Most nights he wears silky pajama pants to bed, on warmer nights, linen.

It's not just his clothes that are different today, his scent is different too. Hwitaek still smells faintly of lemon like always. The sharper medicinal scent that has become oddly comforting to Gyuvin, is muted. In its place, the lavender scent is amplified, intensified, and made sweeter. Together, these scents remind him vaguely of the clean scent of talcum powder that is packaged in pastel shades of pink and blue for babies. It's sweet, strange, and addictive, just like his husband.

Gyuvin finds himself in the increasingly common and endlessly frustrating position of being wildly turned on by his husband over *almost* nothing.

The "sent" chime pings on Hwitaek's phone, and *instantly* he surrenders the device, placing it next to his wristwatch on the nightstand, *face down.* Hwitaek loops his arms around his neck and looks at Gyuvin *so fondly* that he just might combust into flames right then and there. "There. I'm done Gyuvin. We can do all the fun parts now."

Gyuvin's body surges into overdrive, his cock twitching at the vaguest suggestion that they might finally have sex. But, his mind betrays him. Everything buffers, reshuffles and reorganizes in his mind, but the answer just doesn't come. "Hui? I can't figure it out, so will you tell me? Why now?"

He wraps his hands around Hwitaek's middle and buries his face in to Hwitaek's chest, scenting him unashamedly anywhere his nose can easily access. Its not enough just to nuzzle Hwitaek. He needs more. So, he lifts him off the ground, pulling him back into bed with him. In the jostle he can feel that Hwitaek is impossibly, painfully hard. His fingers ghost against dampened fabric. *Oh.* With Hwitaek in his lap he angles awkwardly to look down and. *Oh fuck.*

It's a flash in his vision, but it's unmistakable. Hwitaek is wearing the briefs that he pulled out of the hamper to masturbate with. Hwitaek the briefs that he used to clean up with after he came. Both of their scents drench the garment, and Hwitaek would never wear something dirty and used like that *willingly* .

That's when it hits him, hard, like a punch to the stomach. *It seems so fucking obvious now.* His scent being so strong, his ravenous hunger, his preoccupation to get *everything done* before he indisposed of for a few days…"Are you–Are you in heat?"

"It's been awhile since this happened but…It certainly seems that way."

Gyuvin's jaw drops. Hwitaek takes advantage of that vulnerability, stealing a kiss from him and *finally* . Searing and insistent, yet playful and inherently gentle, it so embodies Hwitaek himself. He deepens the kiss gently with a warm sigh of relief.

Just the softest swipe of Hwitaek's tongue across his lips forces Gyuvin's mind out buffering mode, and he remembers that he's been all but *begging* to fuck his husband for weeks now. With a possessive growl Gyuvin fucks his tongue into his husband's mouth roughly claiming

what he knows rightfully belongs to him. It's difficult to care if he comes across as brutish, or even childish now that he has exactly what he wants. He kisses Hwitaek with too much pressure, too much tongue, teeth too sharp against those plush lips, but it doesn't seem to matter. Hwitaek meets him for each overeager and malaligned kiss. Each is more desperate for the next than for the present.

It's such a relief that his husband, usually so poised and controlled, can come unraveled just as quickly as Gyuvin can.

Gyuvin should simply keep his mouth shut, and give them what they both want. But possessiveness and insecurity blend into one pointed question, "why didn't you tell me?" *Fuck.* "How did I not know?" Isn't he supposed to be a good *alpha?* A good *husband?* Isn't he supposed to *just know?* He should be able to smell that something is different and demand that Hwitaek come home from work wrapped in his coat…Right?

"Even after all this time, it's still embarrassing," Hwitaek admits. "And, it usually comes on slower, although I've never had someone around who…" His husband is still a mystery to him, but he knows that the other man is boisterous, bubbly, and *rarely* at a loss for words like he is now. "It smells in here Gyu." Glassy expression, full flush to his cheeks, the rest is implied, " *and its driving me crazy."*

"You started it." Which doesn't even make sense but–

"So, let's finish it."

"Yeah."

Gyuvin soon finds that there is no ceiling to his greed. Having Hwitaek in his lap *won't* work anymore. He needs him *underneath.* Now. Fumble, grind, fall forward, *kiss.* And kiss. And *kiss* some more, because kissing Hwitaek feels best.

He touches, so freely now, what's been denied to him. Smooth, heat feverish skin hides underneath the sweatshirt. His husband's nipples are swollen and so sensitive. Rolling them between his fingers and pinching lightly earns him the most coveted sound of all, a moan: broken, strangely cute for what they're doing and what is about to happen. He wants to see them now, puffy and in need of soothing with his mouth.

Gyuvin bunches the shirt high around Hwitaek's armpits, but taking it off like *that* would mean breaking their kiss. But the fabric is so obstructive that it has to go somewhere. Fists balled in the fabric, his stupid, hormone riddled alpha brain doesn't even register the sound of fabric *ripping.*

He only comes back to earth when Hwitaek uses *that distinctive voice* on him, "Gyuvin," and hits him softly on the chest.

"Fuck, sorry I–fuck." Gyuvin has spent the last few months trying *so hard* to not look like the uncontrolled nineteen year old alpha that he so obviously is. After all, he wants Hwitaek to trust him. He should say something, anything, to reassure Hwitaek that this isn't going to be a huge mistake. But it's impossible to string together a single thought when Hwitaek is that

much closer to being naked in front of him. His chest is just as flushed red as his face. And it doesn't stop there. He can see the outline of *everything* through Hwitaek's dampened underwear. The line of his cock and the bulge of his sac–And Gyuvin doesn't know what the fuck to do with his hands right now, not when there's so much he could do.

"It's okay Gyu," Hwitaek cradles his flushed face with his sweaty palm, and it's *unnerving* how Hwitaek is supposed to be the one coming undone, the one losing control completely, but he's *still* able to calm him down. "Maybe I kind of like it?"

"Really?" he asks pulling, the torn sweater off of Hwitaek's body.

"Really," Hwitaek reassures, pulling at Gyuvin's sleep shirt. Gyuvin quickly pulls it up over his head and throws it to the floor. "You can be yourself when you're with me…and if I'm wearing *your* clothes"

If Hwitaek is teasing him then it means that Gyuvin is forgiven. Gyuvin has permission. Gyuvin kisses his husband again hungry and hot with need, but this time isn't so frenzied that he *ignores* everything else around him. Now, truly appreciates the fullness of Hwitaek's cock against his stomach, and the way that it twitches in perfect time with the wonderful sounds that escape from the corners of Hwitaek's mouth. He can appreciate cold air that pours into the room against the places on his body that don't blanket Hwitaek, and savor the burning, melted sensation where they touch skin to skin now in so many places.

"What do you like? What should we? Tell me…" He *knows* Hwitaek likes being kissed on the neck. He likes it when Gyuvin pins his arms above his head when they kiss, so he does this now. He came when he fingered him, but there's so much more that he doesn't know. Should he touch his cock? Or maybe not. He's heard that some omegas don't like their cocks played with. Should he stick it in right now? If Hwitaek is in heat he may *need--*

"I mean that's the easy part right. Right Gyu?" Hwitaek laughs. "You could do anything to me right now and I'd probably be into it."

"Really," Gyuvin questions, his voice drunken and slurred. Burying his nose into the crook of Hwitaek's neck, he drowns in his scent. He darkens the mark that he left there last night with his teeth and his tongue, and leaves plenty of new ones too, from the lobe of his ear to the divot of his collar bones. "Anything?" He finds that hard to believe. There's so much weird stuff out there. Like, for example, Gunwook showed him this stupid video once when they were in-between classes. "Like even armpit stuff?"

"What?" Hwitaek laughs and his whole body rattles against Gyuvin, knocking against him at odd places and sparking bursts of electricity at every place that they touch.

Gyuvin *should* explain that it's a stupid joke that just happens to have no set up and no punchline. But also, Hwitaek smells more strongly there, the skin is smooth there, the–

"Gyuvin?"

"Nothing!" Alright. Get it together Kim. This is *his husband* for fuck's sake. Gyuvin wants him to fuck him normally. Properly. The way that he deserves. Creating a distraction, he

greedily takes Hwitaek's nipples into his mouth, one after the other, and continues what he started earlier, teasing the dusky flesh with his teeth and his tongue, and soothing over with soft kisses.

He kisses down lower across Hwitaek's soft stomach, and finds more places to become obsessed with. His navel, which he dips his tongue *inside* earning him a squeal and a gasp and *another* playful but exasperated cry of, "Gyuvin!" Down lower to the crest of his hips and the soft hairs leading down lower. He should take special care to take Hwitaek's underwear off *normally.*

But looking up at Hwitaek, he doesn't see judgment or hesitation. In fact, there's a huffy insistence at his pause, "Gyuvin, please."

The fabric is so thoroughly used, smells so strongly of him, of them, potent, addictive. Gyuvin's mouth pools with spit. Before he really understands what he's doing he's covering Hwitaek's cock with his mouth through his underwear. Lapping at the underside of his twitching cock he coats his tongue in the pungent and musky taste.

It earns him a litany of mewls muffled by the back of Hwitaek's hand.

Only when the slick damp fabric is sopping wet with his spit and Hwitaek's precome and slick does he move forward. Stretch the waistband, pull the fabric down, and watch the slick sticky skin pique with gooseflesh at being exposed to the cool air. The tip of Hwitaek's cock bounces and smacks against his stomach, and Gyuvin is completely transfixed.

"You're so amazing Hui."

It's the first time that's Gyuvin's seeing it really. All the other times he's *felt it* through clothes, and never quite had the freedom to touch and to tease as he'd like. So he takes his husband's cock into own palm. There's a part of him that just *knows* his hands are large, but Hwitaek looks so small like this. Maybe he shouldn't call his husband's cock, "cute," but it's spilling out of his mouth before he can stop himself. Circling the head with the pad of his thumb, he's simply doing what *he knows* he likes to Hwitaek. Maybe his husband likes something different. But as he touches and as he teases, Hwitaek's cock leakes against his hand.

"More," it's a petulant whisper made between kisses that is easily ignored as Gyuvin gets lost in chasing every sharp breath and twitch of his husband's cock. "Gyu, more."

Gyuvin hums in agreement and pushes Hwitaek's hips upward, exposing *everything else* that he hasn't seen. Seeing this too feels secret, forbidden, and *right* in the most wrong way. Hwitaek's hole is puffy and red from arousal. Shining and slick, it's clear that his body is well prepared for what it is that they're about to do.

His cock throbs heavy in his boxers simply thinking about it.

And as badly as he wants to simply pull his cock over the waistband of his boxers and fuck Hwitaek now, impulsively, intrusively, he finds himself diving between Hwitaek's legs instead.

“Oh–” Because it’s so unexpected.

Buried deep in the slick and the sweat, he licks at Hwitaek’s hole relentlessly until his chin is wet. He’d be ashamed of the enthusiasm, intensity, at which he eats Hwitaek out, but Hwitaek is shamelessly pushing back against his mouth, eager for *more.*

And when everything is shining and messy and perfect Gyuvin tonguefucks him. Breaching his hole haphazardly first with his tongue, and then when he has to come up for air, his fingers. There’s no friction, only warmth and wet. It feels like a challenge to Gyuvin. Curling his fingers in on themselves, and spreading them out, he becomes enraptured in watching Hwitaek squirm.

Grinding against the mattress as he sits between Hwitaek’s legs he finds little relief. Not Enough skin, not enough warmth, not enough heat. Yet he’s so desperate, and so hooked on Hwitaek that its *almost* impossible to tear himself away. He could do this forever…

Until he can’t anymore. He can feel his already hard cock filling out *more. Fuck.* With his knot already starting to flare at the base, he doesn’t have much time. He needs to be *inside. Now.*

“Hui–”

“Gyu.”

“I–” He swallows thicky and lets his body do the explaining. Crawling back up to meet Hui, he tugs the waistband of his boxers down. Then, he wraps his husband’s hand around the base of his cock to show him. “I’m gonna pop. If I can’t get inside–” and it’s so embarrassing that he buries his face in Hwitaek’s shoulder while he says it.

“I did that to you baby?” Hwitaek sounds so pleased, squeezing the base of his knot.

A deep crimson blush scatters across his cheeks and his chest. “Can I?”

“Yeah. God, yeah. Go slow.”

Gyuvin doesn’t need to be told this. He already feels that he’s blundered his way through his first time. Everything’s been blinded by lust and sheer adoration, and he’s happy to let Hwitaek take charge. He lets Hwitaek guide him to his entrance, dragging the tip through the slick and teasing him slightly. Then, at long last he pushes inside. Properly inside, wholly inside, deeply inside. Warm, and wet, tighter than his hand, and yet somehow infinitely less abusive.

God *don’t bust a nut.*

It’s an agonizing slide down from the tip to the flared place where his knot starts to bulge. Even the slightest twitch of his cock sends Hwitaek reeling, moaning and clenching around his cock. Hwitaek’s body doesn’t fight him, but accommodates him, as he pushes inside slowly, inch by inch, by inch. Feels hungry, desperate to pull him in and take the shape of his cock.

Hwitaek wraps his legs around his middle. The balls of his feet catch against his underwear. They'd pulled it down, but not off completely. Then he grabs onto his shoulders and rocks his hips up sharply. Everything jostles and—

"Oh my god." The base of his partially popped knot is completely enveloped in Hwitaek's heat. A full body shudder and deep chested moan is torn from *both* of them. Hwitaek inching closer to relief. And for Gyuvin it's like being naively assaulted by sensation in the best kind of way.

And for a moment all they can do is hold onto one another, adjust, kiss.

"Feels good Gyu?" and then there's a light scratching sensation down his back that tickle-zings down his spine. He squirms inside of Hwitaek, pushing his cock deeper. The glowing warm feeling just below his navel multiplies a hundred fold.

"Fuck."

Hwitaek laughs and holy fuck, he can feel it from inside, the way that Hwitaek's whole body pulls tight when he breathes in and relaxes when he's flush with laughter. He can slide in deeper whenever that happens. But Hwitaek is so wet, that even the slightest movement and he's sliding out, hurrying to push back in. And somehow they find rhythm like this between the laughter and the kisses to each other's necks and cheeks.

"Is that a yes?" And then, just what he wants to hear, "it's good for me too."

Gyuvin holds onto him tighter than he should, fucks him more gently than he should. He's waited so damn long for this and it's absolutely worth it.

Hwitaek makes the *best* fucking noises. Breathy little moans make him want to cum deep inside. Deeper growl like moans start in from the bottom of his chest and ripple outward, shaking Gyuvin to his core. Whining, insistent noises that make Gyuvin pull *almost* all the way out *so slow* and slam back in hard. Nevermind the fact that there's *more* drag with each pump. Harder to fit his cock *all the way inside.*

Yet he chooses to ignore the building sensation in his cock focusing instead on sharp sticky sounds of their bodies slapping against one another over, and over again. Surely his knot isn't growing at the base. Certainly it must be because his husband is so tight and wet and perfect.

But the sensation catches in his abdomen at the same time that his knot catches around the rim. Everything builds so perfectly just to all to just come crashing down around them. "Hui I'm–" He should tell him. Fuck he should *touch* him. But it's too late, and Gyuvin's cumming hard and deep inside of his husband, his knot keeping it trapped there.

His cock still twitches deep inside of Hwitaek, emptying copious amounts of cum inside. He still feels crazed, like he hasn't cum at all. Hwitaek grinds against his knot, and Gyvuin does the same, pushing upward when there's no where else to go. Then he's touching Hwitaek's cock again, rough and desperate. He just, he just wants Hwitaek to feel good. To cum to–

Oh fuck, he's been babbling all of that out loud. Because Somehow through ringing sound of shame rushing to his ears Gyuvin can hear Hwitaek telling him that he's good, and that he feels full, and that he's so close.

Hwitaek cums with a shout across his stomach.

And just like that, it's easier for Gyuvin to breathe again.

His husband is so unbearably cute, even when he's fucked out like this. Lips full, red, begging to be kissed, sore lips meet sore lips as Gyuvin kisses him lazy and slow. In the static of his mind, he forgets to be normal. Remembers for a moment that Hwitaek told him to be himself. Gyuvin paints strange hieroglyphs across his husband's stomach in tacky, rapidly drying cum.

"Gyuvin, that's disgusting."

"No honey," Gyuvin can physically feel whenever he's about to say something stupid. It wells up tight in his throat for a moment before spilling out. "It's good for your skin."

Gyuvin falls asleep inside of him when they're laying on their sides. Hwitaek rests in front like the little spoon that he should be. And that's all well and good, except they *wake up* and they're furiously grinding against each other, Gyuvin slipping his knot deep inside before either of them are fully awake.

"Do I still smell like shoe polish to you Hui?" What other kind of question would you ask your husband while you're buried deep inside of him? He doesn't expect the answer to have changed. Plenty of friends have described his scent as, "fucking weird," and "kinda bad dude," but since Hwitaek's smell has softened to him, he thought maybe it would be the same for him.

"Yes," Hwitaek responds quickly. "But I don't think I ever told you, back when we met. I like the smell of shoe polish. It smells like…" He pauses for a moment, "like a memory," he follows quickly. "Shoe polish is the end result. Its *more than that.* Its wax and something chemically. Dirt after it rains. Freshly crushed peppercorns. It's very rugged for someone who takes almost an hour in the shower every day."

"Well, I won't need that long now that I won't have to jerk off every night before bed."

" *Every night?"* Hwitaek laughs.

Just when Gyuvin thought that his knot was going down, his whole cock twitches with newfound interest. Every night. Every position. Every place on their bodies. Every chance to learn more about Hwitaek and better understand the person he married. "Why not?"

"You're really big Gyuvin."

"And you have *two armpits."* Now it's his turn to laugh. Tightening his stomach and rolling with laughter, his knot gets pushed *deeper,* but it isn't fully formed. He could still pull out, or

better yet, push deeper inside and knot him again.

“And you have one mouth that really needs to be shut. I could think of a few things.” Hwitaek’s threat is empty but he likes the idea of sucking on Hwitaek’s cock. Taking it to the hilt until he’s gagging and–

“Oh, I guess we’re–”

His knot is completely pushed back inside of Hwitaek. Even though his skin feels like its on fire right now, everything feels slowed down and viscous slow. Hwitaek must feel the same way when he asks, “What about me?”

“What about you?” Gyuvin asks playfully.

“My scent?”

“Over time, it wasn’t so much like cleaning supplies, but gin, after you taught me what gin was.”

“You like gin,” Hwitaek notes. “You order it sometimes.”

“No, I like gin because it smells like you. Because I–” *Just say it.* Suddenly, it’s very important that he break the magnetic seal of his hand over the small of Hwitaek’s waist. Grabbing Hwitaek’s hand, he confesses into his husband’s shoulder, “Because I love you, Hui.”

“I love you too, Gyu.”

End Notes

The past few months have been very fun falling back in love with Pentagon, and with Hui. What will I do now? How will I write cannonical ZB1 fic?

Experimental retrospring link: https://retrospring.net/@LittleMoon91

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